

( I )

THE  
SONG

FOR

Her Majesty's Birth-day,

*February the 6th, 171<sup>10</sup><sub>11</sub>.*

Set by Mr. *Eccles*, Master of Musick  
to Her Majesty, the Words by Mr.  
*Tate*, Poet-Laureat.

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*This Song being Set after the Italian Manner, requir'd  
the Recitativo-Parts to be writ in Blank Verse, closing (for  
the most Part) with a Dissyllable, the Rest in Roundo-Me-  
tres, or Da-Capo's, as the Italians call them.*

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Sung by Mr. *Elford* and Mr. *Weely*.

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First Voice. **F** Air as the Morning, as the Morning Early,  
Behold the Rural Graces all attending  
To Celebrate and Dress the Sacred Bow'r.

A

2d Vo.

2d Vo. O 'tis a Just and a Religious Duty ;  
But, ah ! I fear the Loit'ring Spring will fail ye,  
And *Britain's* Soil's too cold for such a Garland.

1st Vo. Your Fears are vain ; for warmer Climes  
(present us

Ambrosial Fragrancy beyond our Wishes,  
The *Syrian* Lilly, and the *Sharon* Rose.

2d Vo. Then, then shall be the fragrant Wreath  
(compleated :

'Tis done, I see 'em plac'd in wond'rous Order,  
Like a fair Bride the Royal Bow'r adorning.

*ANNA's* Glories let us sing,  
Winter will create a Spring ;  
*Mars* will make his Thunder cease,  
Lift'ning to the Songs of Peace ;  
All that's Innocent and Gay  
Smile upon the Royal Day :  
*ANNA's* Glories let us sing,  
Winter will create a Spring.

1st Vo. O for a Charm to fix the flying Season,  
And keep the happy Day's delightful Minutes.

2d Vo. Alas ! you Dream, no Spell has Pow'r to  
(stay 'em

The precious Moments, while they bless they leave us.

1st Vo. Let's try what Musick can to stop their Progress ;  
Musick





( 4 )

1st Vo. By what Commission?

2d Vo. From a Pow'r above 'em.

1st Vo. What Pow'r?

2d Vo. 'Tis *ANNA*'s Day.

1st Vo. Aye, that will charm 'em ;

The gracious Morn, the Holy-day of Nature,

When Rapine, Rage, and Slaughter ought to vanish,

2d Vo. The Drum and Trumpet sleep in solemn  
(Silence.

All Hail to the Morning

Of Nature's adorning,

The Pride of the Year ;

While Envy retires,

And Vertue aspires,

'Tis Paradise here.

All Hail to the Morning, &c.

### C H O R U S.

*Europe bless the Royal Day,*

*All your Storms are blown away ;*

*From her fiery Chariot hurl'd,*

*Down you'll see Ambition go ;*

*And the Troublers of the World,*

*Down to the deepest Shades below.*

*Europe bless, &c.*

F I N I S.